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CONSECRATION

OF

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL,

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OCTOBER, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION.

GROUND was broken for the building of the Chapel on Ascension Day, May 11, 1899, and the Corner-stone was laid on the 26th of June. The Consecration took place on the 13th of October, 1900, the time being chosen with reference to the 16th Anniversary of the opening of the School.

A very large number was present, consisting of Old Boys, Clergy, parents, and friends of the School, as well as a number of neighbors and parishioners. The day was a perfect one, mild and bright, and the early hours were spent by the boys in regular school work, while the graduates climbed the Tower to see the superb view, or strolled about the grounds or to the river.

Just before the arrival of the train from Boston, a tablet in memory of Charles Tracy Brown, given by members of his Form, was placed in the Tower.

At 11.15 the Trustees held a meeting to sign the Instrument of Donation, and meantime the visitors took their places in the Chapel. At 11.30 a procession was formed to march to the Chapel. First came the boys and masters of the School, then the Old Boys in a body, then the Clergy and last the Trustees. As the Bishop marched up the aisle at the head of the Clergy, he and the choir sang the 24th Psalm. Few will forget the beauty of that first music as the tones of the organ and the voices of the worshipers re-echoed through the high arches of the church.

When all had taken their places, Mr. Gardner, in the name of the Trustees, read the Instrument of Donation which was placed on the Altar by the Bishop. The Consecration Service then followed, the Lessons being read by the Rev. E. F. Chauncey (1885–1892) and the Rev. W. G. Thayer (Master, 1885–1886 and 1888–1894). Mr. Peabody read the Sentence of Consecration. The Sermon was by Bishop Lawrence, who also officiated at the Holy Communion.

After the service, luncheon was served in the School dining room and a photograph of the Old Boys was taken. The guests left by various afternoon trains, and a football match was played and won by the eleven. Tea followed in Mr. Peabody's study for the graduates, whose numbers were nearly doubled by arrivals in the evening trains.

At seven dinner was served and nearly 280 members of the School sat down to it. Speeches, songs, and the Birthday Poem followed. After prayers there was a brief talk in the study in preparation for Holy Communion, and later a meeting of the Grotonian Club was held in Mr. Gardner's house.

On Sunday it rained very heavily all day. The Communion Service was at 9.30, and a very large number of graduates and boys were present. The service was one which will long be remembered by all. One felt then more than at any time in the two days, how true and strong the bond is which unites the School of to-day with the School of long ago. Mr. Peabody preached at Morning Prayer. After the afternoon service Mrs. Lawrence sang and Mr. Nutter played the organ. Nearly all the graduates left by the evening trains or on the following morning.

THE SERMON

PREACHED AT THE

Consecration of St. John's Chapel, Groton School,

ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1900,

BY THE

RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D. D.,
Bishop of Massachusetts.

SERMON.

AND JACOB ROSE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND TOOK THE STONE THAT HE HAD PUT FOR HIS PILLOWS, AND SET IT UP FOR A PILLAR, AND POURED OIL UPON THE TOP OF IT. AND HE CALLED THE NAME OF THAT PLACE, BETH-EL. — Gen. xxviii. 18, 19.

SIXTEEN years ago, three young men, twenty-three boys, and a little company of friends, met in yonder school-room to inaugurate with prayer, speech and song, GROTON SCHOOL. It was then a venture of Faith, — Faith founded upon confidence in God, the enthusiasm of its young Masters, and the loyalty of its early friends.

With characteristic tact, Phillips Brooks, the President of the Board of Trustees, told the boys and masters of the ancient schools of England, Eton, Harrow and Westminster, and described their noble traditions. He then said, and the words have been ringing in my memory ever since, "Inspiring as are those ancient traditions to the English boy, how

much more inspiring is the position of you American boys to-day. The history of Groton School is not made; you have the making of it; the traditions and character of Groton are not crystalized but are waiting to be moulded by your lives. May God help you to prove worthy of the sacred trust now placed in your keeping." From that time the character and traditions of Groton School have been making. And as they have developed, the buildings have risen as the outward expression of that development.

At the first, one modest House held the whole School and ministered to all its interests. There was no ambitious masonry such as advertises and depresses so many of our American schools and colleges at their start: masters and boys lived together as one family in their unpretentious home. It was a happy life; some of you here who hold to the ancient traditions may think that Groton was never so happy or so good as then. In those years and under the wise and loving guidance of the Head Master, the early precedents were established, the right atmosphere of character was created, and a spirit of loyalty to Groton nourished.

Soon came the demand for expansion. The building which was the first Groton School now became

Brooks House, that the name and spirit of that great and Christ-like personality might forever shed their benediction upon this place. In the "Hundred House" as well as in Brooks, the domestic and social life soon centred. The family had grown, but the familiar spirit remained. Then the gymnasium and the ample sward in front emphasized the development of a sound body and the love of healthy sport, which has been one of the essential and happy notes of Groton life. A year ago the noble School House threw open its doors, that the intellectual life which has thriven in the other Houses might have its convenient and appropriate place.

Across the road on yonder hillock has stood the modest wooden Chapel. The question has often been asked, "In a school founded upon the Christian Faith, why stands the Chapel in a distant field?" "Because," has been the answer, "we are now worshiping in a temporary Tabernacle (and on winter mornings there was something very tent-like in the temperature): in time we trust the Temple will come." The Temple has come, and come in the happiest way; through God's goodness and the gift of one who knows Groton down to the depths of its heart, and who therefore gives as intelligently as he does nobly. The School, before one brick was laid,

was already founded and up-built to the eye of a few men of faith: now the School receives its crown in this Temple of Faith: substantial, dignified, rich, aspiring and commanding. The group of buildings fitly expresses the character of Groton School, the Christian faith at the heart and centre of a home for the moral, intellectual and physical development of such boys as may dwell here. As the new boy approaches the School, the Chapel tower will be the first object to catch his eye. And as the young graduate sweeps down yonder hill to take his part in college or business life, he will turn to catch one last, lingering look at the Chapel tower.

We are a company of sympathetic friends, who have met here to join in the Consecration of this Chapel, to rejoice together and to think over again our best thoughts of Groton. I want therefore to do no more this morning than to throw out a few suggestions as to the place of this Chapel in the life of the School and its graduates. What is its significance here? What its work and influence in the coming years?

The first suggestion is caught from the text. The young man Jacob, his first night away from home, the revelation of the ladder, the spiritual powers connecting earth and heaven; his taking up his

journey of life again with a deepened sense of God's presence and of the reality of heavenly powers in the affairs of men, and the routine of daily duty. Jacob's was not an ideal character, but he was a young man of promise; he was on the way to make a fortune and his mark in history; he had the temptations common to men of to-day, a love of money and of power. The saving quality in Jacob's character was his faith and his realization of God's presence in every step of his career; and this experience in his early manhood strikes the note of his later life.

For is it not true, my friends, that the weakness of modern life is not that there is not religion, but that religion is not enough of a motive power and pervading influence? Where there is materialism, there you are sure to find in time, the most extreme mysticism; and where there is skepticism or agnosticism, there you may be certain of outbursts of fanaticism. The wells of religious emotion exist in mankind, and however high the dams be built, the floods of spiritual enthusiasm will burst them in time. The longer the delay and the higher the obstacle, the greater will be the destructive and at the same time fertilizing flood of religious emotion.

Men of the hardest materialism break in these days under some sorrow, into the most child-like

faith; women of utter worldliness react into devotees of extreme superstitions. Our motive powers are out of gear. There is faith, and there is life, but too often faith has lost connection with life. Men are too liable to be secular, hard and Pagan on week days, but religious on Sunday. Women are tempted to be trivial and worldly up to midnight on Saturday, but are at the altar early Sunday morning. What we want therefore is more unity in life; we want a religion, not that touches a part of life and consecrates a tenth of men's income, but that pervades the whole of life and consecrates the whole man, his property, aye, and his time, his pleasures, his mind, himself. "I have come that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Now it is to uphold this truth in her graduates, that Groton School was built, and it is to impress this temper in her boys, that this Chapel stands here. With the circling sun, the shadow of the tower sweeps the circumference of the School and embraces all within its influence. If we are to have men who take up their business life as servants of God, stewards of the Master, we must have created that temper in their boyhood. If we are to cultivate a statesmanship or a scholarship which is suffused

with the purity and the optimism of Christ, we must begin by cultivating that spirit in the life and studies at Groton. A boy is prepared to come to this School, not merely when he is ready to pass his entrance examinations, but when his parents, by their example as well as teachings, have shown the boy that a heavenly Father is watching over him, guiding, warning, punishing and praising. Then as he comes within the influence of this place, he is ready to receive the next steps in his spiritual education. By the daily prayer, the hearty hymn, the Bible lesson and the anxious and loving guidance of the Masters, he is led to a more intelligent knowledge of the Christian Faith: its principles, inspiration, standards and temper enter into the school room, the athletic field, the social life. Thus the boy matures in faith and character as he gains knowledge and physical strength. As with the boy Jesus, his religion is as natural as his work; and when he reaches the time when he consciously consecrates himself to God, the Christian Faith embraces the whole of his life.

In this union of faith and life there will be sure to follow a sensitiveness to right and wrong. You remember the kingly request of the boy Solomon, as he entered upon his reign — not that he might have riches, a long life or the life of his enemies; "Give

therefore Thy servant," he asks, "an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may judge between good and bad." It was worthy of a king, and worthy too of a boy. For youth is the age of ideals.

As we get older the intricacy of life oppresses us; we cannot easily disentangle the right from the wrong; motives, deeds and characters are mixed. And then we are tempted to pooh-pooh the ideal life as quixotic. "I do not think much of the wisdom of older people, as compared with that of youth," wrote Phillips Brooks. And may it not be true, that what we often gain in experience and knowledge of men, we lose in that delicate sensitiveness to right and wrong, which belongs to the fresh and the ideal life. It is the idealism of youth that is the salt of life. It is the perennial out-flow from our schools and colleges of the high-minded youth, that preserves our middle-aged men from unworthy compromise and evil. A boy who is taught to calculate the end, to look first at the results, to study what is politic or popular, is bound to reach an unworthy and mercenary middle age.

Boys should be educated in the atmosphere of ideals: and of all the ideals, Christ stands unique in the vigor and attractiveness of His divine personality. In this Chapel the boys will be brought into

daily contact with One, who with unerring instinct, shunned the bad to follow the good; He was no thoughtless quixotic, no unenlightened fanatic; but with all wisdom, caution and courage, He came that He might lead men to the truth. He withstood the threats of enemies and, what was harder, the allurements of friends, that He might speak the truth; with sublime courage He lived out His life and died the death He most dreaded. Surely, my friends, in the presence of that life, we cannot encourage the thought that in order to know evil, a young man must for a while experience evil. No true artist steeps himself in bad art, that he may learn what true art is.

No! It is the part of parents and of this School to cultivate in the youth that sensitiveness to evil, which causes a shrinking from sin, as surely as the child draws away from the fire. This is spiritual culture; it is not a culture for timid souls, nor for those who cannot bring to bear upon it all their intelligence and experience. It is a culture which, through the study of history and the classics, through literature and practical experience, leads the youth to disentangle the good from the bad, and which enables him to hold fast that which is good. It develops a sound mind and character, as naturally and certainly as does the air wafted across

the Nashua valley develop a sound body, and as unconsciously too. "This is all very well," we hear some cynical friend respond; "as a matter of fact, however, many boys thus trained do not sustain that sensitiveness as they enter the temptations of college and business life." This is true of some boys, as a matter of fact; as true as the fact of sin in this world; but that it is a necessity, we deny. We still hold by the truth that man is born for ideals, and not for compromises with evil; and this School stands for that truth. And though a graduate here or there may disgrace himself and the School conspicuously, and though all of us fall far short of what we would desire, we still affirm that the only culture for boys is one that is saturated with the purity, the truth and the moral translucence of the character of Christ. That gained, and you have taken one strong step in the purification of the years of manhood.

This Chapel, too, helps the School in giving to life a touch of chivalry and romance. I know that this is the last thing that some men of modern culture associate with religion and the Church. There are groups of men, of over-ripe culture, to be found in our colleges and clubs, who tell us of the dullness of the churches, of the Philistinism of the religious

middle class, of the unpoetic and unchivalric temper of modern faith. And there is some truth in all this. Neither churches nor Christians begin to express the poetry or interest of the real Christian faith. There is much, too much, that is commercial, worldly and commonplace in the religion of our day.

Granted all this. What have our critics to suggest? There is nothing in their well fed and well kept bodies, that betokens a very high note of chivalry or romance. And if we turn to the literature or lives of ancient or modern pagans, do we fare better? True, there are shafts of chivalric light that shoot out from unexpected quarters; and in modern paganism we do catch snatches of chivalry that Christians may well emulate. But when it comes to the question of what gives interest, romance, vivacity, and poetry to life, is there anything to compare with the power of the Christian faith? May we not go farther and affirm that even in these days of the commonplaceness of religion, the highest types of chivalry and poetry have been touched and illumined by the Christian Faith? Of all the men who have stood out in the last half century, as touched with the spirit of knighthood and ancient chivalry, who has most kindled the hearts and imaginations of men? I think that most of us would name George Gordon, of Khartoum. And what

man of this century was more saturated with the Christ life, or followed in a more docile spirit, the letter of the Bible. What poets have kindled this age of commerce and science with a warmth of romantic spirit? Browning and Tennyson, whose deeper and stronger notes strike true with the heart and mind of Christ. It is that rare, ethereal and Christian spirit, Robert Louis Stevenson, that cries, "No man is any use until he has dared everything; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man. If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed."

Again, the story of patience, sacrifice and chivalry of the native Christians and missionaries in China, has not half been told. Their martyrdom illumines the sky of our commercial age. And if our highly cultured critics really want a taste of what makes the finer elements of chivalry, let them prepare to join the army of Christian missionaries that will pour into China within the next two years. Granted all that may be said of the dullness and commonplaceness of the Church, it is the Church that may be trusted, century after century, to give to the world the most illustrious types of heroism.

This Chapel then, with its pointed arches and carved finials, will suggest to the worshiping boys, all that is finest and most chivalrous in the history

of the Anglo-Saxon people; and in hymn and sermon the spirit of high devotion will be kindled: the very stones will echo with the note of mysterious calls to noble dreams, and these windows will blaze with the stories of sainthood and chivalry. Into the class-room, the laboratory, the study and the field, the boys will carry a glow of enthusiasm for the higher life which must enrich every hour of the day. And as the young graduate leaves the school, he must take with him a radiance, an atmosphere of character which must temper his life in the commercial and commonplace interests of his later years.

From this thought follows naturally my last suggestion:—the Chapel as the centre of all that is best in friendship and in that comradeship which makes up so much of the happiness and influence of school life. What creates friendship between two boys is usually a mystery; sometimes there is similitude of character; often they are the very complements or the opposites of each other. It takes lights and shadows to make a perfect picture. No doubt, beneath the evident features of character which puzzle us, there are deeper chords of spiritual sympathy which sound in harmony, and create that symphony which we call friendship. However this may be, we are sure that while com-

radeship and good-fellowship may be founded on common interests and tastes, true and lasting friendship can be founded only upon some spiritual sympathy.

We older people know how as the years pass, the dross and superficial elements of boyish friendship disappear, and the subtler and more spiritual elements take command. Then from the memories of the past rise the visions of early and mutual ideals; those talks in which the deeper hopes and ambitions of life were revealed to each other. How true it is of those few boys who, passing their school days here, have been called to a higher service. How clearly the finer features of their character now stand forth. How we treasure their memories, as revealing certain lights of character that we love to associate with Groton.

Then how naturally our thoughts turn through these memories, to that fellowship of kindred spirits which we call the Communion of Saints. And lo! whether it be in college, or distant land, or enfeebled with illness or old age, the Chapel comes to mind: the deep tones of the organ rise from the distant past, the echo of the School hymn, the voice of the Head Master in sermon or prayer. And there sweeps over us a sense of the communion through Christ, of all our comrades and friends in

the past; their virtues stand forth to rebuke and cheer us; their faces seem to lead us onward and upward.

As the generations pass, old Groton boys will come back here within these walls, some of them among the worthiest and noblest of her graduates, others worn and broken on the wheel of life; a few others, perhaps, God forbid, sordid, enslaved by the pleasures of life or by sin. And standing here, they will read in carved stone or painted glass, the names of the choice spirits of the past, masters, patrons and youthful comrades. Matthew Arnold returning to Rugby Chapel is the type of every old boy coming back to the Chapel of his School.

With Arnold's voice we join and give hail to these choice spirits of the past:

"Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear;
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.

Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave.
Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, on to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God."

A SERMON

Preached in St. John's Chapel, Groton School,

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1900,

BY THE HEAD MASTER,

THE REV. ENDICOTT PEABODY.

SERMON.

"TILL WE ALL COME IN THE UNITY OF THE FAITH, AND OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE SON OF GOD, UNTO A PERFECT MAN, UNTO THE MEASURE OF THE STATURE OF THE FULNESS OF CHRIST." — Ephes. iv: 13.

HIS is the largest gathering of Groton boys that has ever come together within the walls of Groton School. It seems to me a significant fact, and I trust that to you it appears a natural thing, that the Alumni should care to be present at the consecration of our new Chapel. For this Chapel in its stately beauty and its substantial walls, which already seem to breathe an air of devotion, like the old Chapel in its simple homeliness, stands for the essential idea of the School, the marrow and pith of her life, the soul of all her being. This is a Church School indeed; we claim and stand by the term. By it we mean not simply a School to which is attached a system of religion conducted after the manner of the Episcopal Church. We

mean by it to declare our faith that, as some one has expressed it, "If you search down into the constitution of your being till you come to the lowest depth of all, underlying all other wants you will find a craving for what is Infinite, a something that desires perfection, a wish that nothing but the thought of that which is eternal can satisfy." We mean that men are inalienably, ineffaceably the children of God, that the relationship cannot be destroyed. We mean that man and God belong together, and that that education alone is worthy of man's nature which enables him to realize and to incorporate into his life this paramount fact.

To-day our faces are set towards the future. Every Christian's eyes are habitually set in that direction. A philosopher has remarked that if someone should offer him truth in one hand, and the search for truth in the other, he would choose the search for truth. That would be, I suppose, because at the present time he knows that he could not take in the whole of truth, while as he searches for it and gradually discovers it he becomes a larger man and better able to appreciate the meaning of truth.

So St. Paul says, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press

towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

We will not occupy our time in thinking of the past, or of what has been accomplished. The School seems to me in much the same condition as any other person of sixteen years of age, preparing for a life work — already developed in some degree, already having had some slight effect upon others, but above all gaining strength year by year for the work which lies ahead.

For life — which is in any way worthy, is like ascending a mountain. When you have climbed up to the first shoulder of the hill, you find another rise above you, and that achieved there is another, and another still, and yet another peak, and the height to be achieved seems infinite: but you find as you ascend that the air becomes purer and more bracing, that the clouds gather more frequently below you than above, that the sun is warmer than before and that you not only get a clearer view of Heaven, but that you gain a wider and wider view of the earth, and that your horizon is perpetually growing larger.

To-day I want to talk to you about this view that one may get of life. St. Paul's view is that of life developing till we come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect

man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. I want you to compare this ideal of St. Paul with the ideal that you had in the early days,

> When you heard the days before you,
> And the tumult of your life,

with the ideal which you hold to-day, and to consider it with reference to the days which lie ahead. For I can readily imagine that one who has been taught as you were taught, as these boys to-day are being taught, that man is so divine a being that God can manifest Himself in the life of man, — in the Man Jesus Christ,— I can picture to myself one so trained starting with a lofty expectation of the natural course of events. Then he meets, before his business career has fairly begun, men who are unfair in their methods of business. He finds indifference to truth and honesty, so long as there is profit in some bargain. He learns gradually to think that the great thing is to get rich, and, so long as you yourself do not actually steal, you need not inquire with care into the methods of those who represent you. Most men, he thinks, are made on these lines; let us follow the crowd. He loses two things, his ideal and his belief in men.

Or, again, a somewhat similar experience comes to one in his professional life, — "You've got to get

on,"—that is the insistent phrase which is sounding in his ears; there is competition, you must compete; and in competing, as in college football in former days, there are certain things to be done of which you may not approve, but they are extremely telling and effective, and so you gradually adopt the "practical" view of life—you will be respectable, you will be decent, you will be as wealthy as you can, you will enjoy life in a rational sort of way, and let it go at that. You will not bother about other men, you will be charitable in regard to them (which, perhaps, means that you will not bother about them if they do not disturb you), you will live and let live. And so a man easily drops into this pleasant and material kind of life, and—the years go by.

Every now and then there come misgivings. He is successful, perhaps,—perhaps not; but, whether he gets on or not, there must come up the question from time to time, Was not Jesus right when He said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life?" I do not mean now that he is going to hell when he dies—that we can leave to the merciful Judge at the last day,—I mean that he loses life. It spread out before with such glorious possibilities. It was fair as a May morning, and there was nothing too beautiful to hope for it; and now it looks like a field after a summer's

drought; it is gray and dry and unfruitful. The tragedy of life, the thing to be feared by you and me, is not some strange punishment, but to have been born with ability to do something fine, and to have had the chance to do it — and then to have let it go. That seems to me the pain in the cry of the Prophet, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended; and we are not saved."

What is the defect in such a life as we have described? Why has it settled into a humdrum, uninteresting, uninspired, and uninspiring thing, into the round of piling up money or trying to do so, or making a position; and eating and drinking, and playing and sleeping, and travelling, and getting tired of itself? Is not the trouble this, that it has left *God* out? It had not time for God; there was too much work to be done at once, there were too few hours of sleep available as it was, and how could God be brought in? And so it let God go, and God let it go, and it has gone, and it is not satisfied. It wants God, it wants His idea of life, it wants a new ideal, it wants the old ideal enlarged.

St. Paul's message is big enough for the most eager soul. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the

fulness of Christ." What does St. Paul describe? The picture comes before his eyes, of mankind, all that has been, all that shall be, collected together and grown into one splendid man, the image of Jesus Christ.

> "It is the far off, divine event,
> Towards which the whole creation moves."

The idea of unity is one to which our minds are becoming accustomed in these days. The inventions of the last half century have not simply made this great land of ours a small place, they have had the effect of reducing the whole world for purposes of communication, to smaller dimensions than the State of Rhode Island, smaller indeed than the city of New York at the beginning of our era. Unity is manifesting itself in all branches of life. For purposes of business the large combinations of capital are organized, and labor unions, which include increasing proportions of working men each year, respond. We may regret the movement or not, but it is in the air; it is the spirit of the age.

The great desire on the part of many of the strongest men of our churches is for Christian unity, a desire that the different denominations shall come together on the broad basis of loyalty to Christ, and

adherence to His teaching and His commandments. It is not long since there assembled in Europe a Congress which had for its object the establishment of a Peace Tribunal for the civilized people of the world. It has seemed the irony of fate that such a meeting should be followed by wars waged in all parts of the world by those nations which took an active part at the Congress, and yet, just as the World's Fair, which has disappeared from the face of the earth, is the promise of the architectural beauty which shall some day be spread broadcast through this land, so the Peace Congress shall find its fulfilment in what the poet long years ago spoke of as

"The Parliament of Man: the Federation of the World."

These things are in favor of unity, but such unity as St. Paul intends is to be produced, not by self interest: although self interest often coincides with the highest righteousness (as honest play and effective work go generally together in athletic sports) but self interest is not sufficient for it. For such a great consummation of the race of man you must have the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, and a confidence that He will take of the things of God and show them to us, that He will through the Holy Spirit lead us gradually into all

truth, that He will bring to the Father by slow degrees the men the world over, for whom He died.

Is it too large a conception, and too remote a vision which I am holding before you to-day? What is the regeneration of the world to you and me — to the boys of this School, to those who are enjoying life at college? I know that there are men in the world to whom the flavoring of a favorite dish is more important than the saving of a human soul. There are certainly those who will not plant trees because they are unlikely to live long enough to enjoy the fruit of their toil in this direction; but I do not believe it is so with you. The thought may be beyond our immediate comprehension, and yet we need it for the large outlook which brings the finest enthusiasm and the most abundant faith in the final goal of history. It is the prayer that we pray each day when we ask that God's Kingdom may come, and His will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

For some of us, you who are now boys at Groton, it may be best to take a nearer view, to apply St. Paul's words to the small community in which you are living to-day. St. Paul has in mind the subdivision of labor. As the body has many members, and each member brings its own particular contribu-

tion to the service of the body, so Christ has allotted different offices to the members of the Church; He has made some Apostles, and some Prophets, and some Evangelists, and some Pastors and Teachers for the edifying of the body of Christ. So, too, there is a particular thing which you can do for the building up of this community in which we live.

The other day, there died in a farm house near the School a little boy who had been accidentally shot. When he was told of the seriousness of his wound and of the approach of death, there was no fear in his mind. God would take care of him, he said, and he urged his friends to look after his father in his distress and loneliness. The boy was young, I say, but he taught men who stood near him how to die. So every member of this School may teach others how to live. If you, the youngest of you, will do your work faithfully and cheerfully, and will be clean in thought and deed, and brave and unselfish, then you will be doing something to bring on the time when this School shall approach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

The President of one of our great Universities has remarked that the deep satisfaction of life is to build one's self into the walls of an Institution. That is what you and I have a chance to do in these years,—to build up the fabric of a temple sacred to God,

each putting his own life into it, striving and praying that he may be so sound and true that the temple will become a beautiful building for the centuries to come.

And if you do it, if you acquire that habit of living for a great idea, even if the great idea be a small School, then, as you go on, there will come the growing opportunities of college life, and then the chance to serve the country. Give your lives to her and you will love her.

> O beautiful, my country!
> What were our lives without thee?
> We reck not what we gave thee.
> We will not dare to doubt thee,
> But ask whatever else, and we will dare.

So sang the poet as he realized that the sacrifice of the college men had contributed to the salvation of this land. Shall we love her less in these days of her prosperity? Shall we take what we can, and give nothing? We shall not be willing to do that. Life will be more than simply cakes and ale; life will seem a wonderful, glorious opportunity, leading forward and up, higher and higher still, up to Christ, who stands ready to receive and crown His work.

Am I asking more than men can respond to? Certainly I am, if this world is simply a place for getting all you can get of pleasure, of wealth, of

fame, and if men are the creatures of a day — and poorish specimens at that; but if they are the sons of God, capable of becoming divine, capable of building so that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ, it is no impossibility.

Will you help us in our endeavor to teach that to those who shall come after you? The children of those who are here to-day will fill their seats in years to come. Generations of boys will come to this place. What shall their future be? What will they have to give to the School, to the Country, to the World? Just what you have given them in your homes: just what you leave here as the traditions of the place. O let Christ in. Make Him abide here with us. Let Him into your lives as you go back into the world. The uplift of soul, the enthusiasm of life is so constant, and so glorious, if you will thus live, preparing for the time when we shall all come to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

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